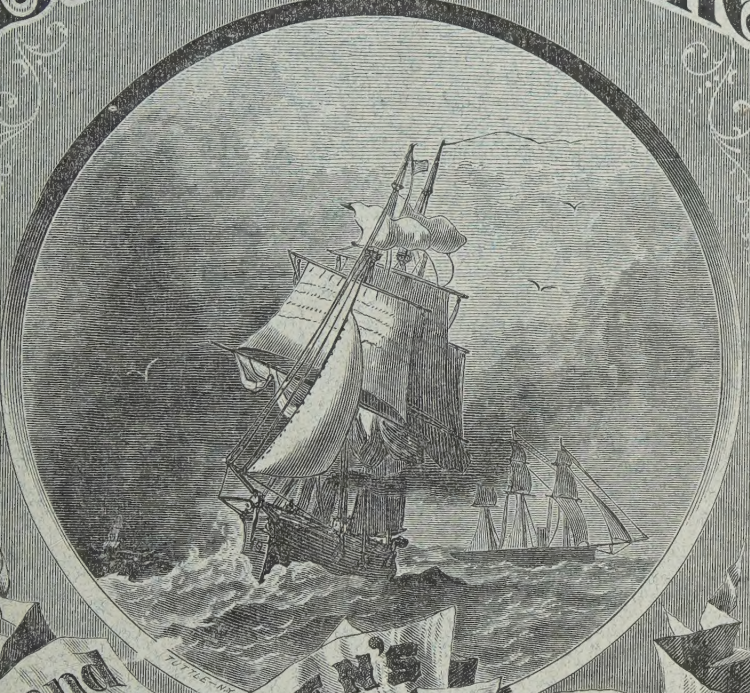


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# Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

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## THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

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# SAILORS' THE MAGAZINE

AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND



Vol. 58,

FEBRUARY, 1886.

No. 2.

*From The Life Boat Journal, (London, Eng.)*

## THE SHIPWRECK OFF "SOULSGRIF."

The following graphic account of a determined and gallant Life-boat Service rendered on the occasion of a shipwreck which occurred in the Yorkshire Coast a few years since, is abridged from an interesting work, entitled, "Between the Heather and the Northern Sea," by Mary Linskill ("Stephen Forke"), published by Messrs. Richard Bently & Son, London.

"The scene in Soulsgrif Bight disclosed itself quite suddenly from the turn at the top of the cliff. It was a wild scene, and impressive; and the sounds that rumbled and deadened the hearing were at least as impressive as the sight itself. . . . The Bight seemed to be rapidly filling with swift-moving apprehensive figures.—Some came from the North, some from the South. . . . There was an excitement, suppressed as yet, on every countenance, and every eye was turned strainingly seaward.

At present this seaward view was suggestive only of terror, of angry and awful power. The dark clouds were obscured; so, too, was the darkly-heaving distance of the sea. Mystery was the key-note of the scene, the mystery of driving storm-scurd,—scurd of rain or snow, meeting and mingling with the scurd of riven, flying surf. The only light in it was a heavy, lurid yellow light, that appeared to be neither of sun, nor moon, nor stars; a light that seemed to strike upward from the torn sea, rather than downward from the troubled heavens. . . . Nothing was strange, save the awful booming of the sea all along the foot of the cliffs, the wild roaring and lashing, the mad bursting and tossing of the waves, that stretched in broken heights and shadowy depths across the Bight from Briscoe Point to Soulsgrif Ness. What roar was of the water, and what of the rushing

mighty wind, could not be discerned... The news that a schooner, believed to be the *Viking*, had been seen drifting past Briscoe Point, disabled and dismasted, was the first news of the sailing of the ship. More than one of the men assembled there had seen the hull of the disabled ship, as it rolled and labored past the point. The mainmast had snapped off a few feet from the deck; some three or four figures, gathered about the bows, were all that could be discerned, through the darkness and mist of the edge of the snow squall.... There was a slight change in the aspect of things. The wind veered a little; the snowstorm began to clear away to the north. Every eye in Soulsgrif Bight was fixed upon the riven lurid edge of the moving cloud. It went on moving, moving over sullen, dark, blue-black waters, fretted with leaping tongues of white foam, tongues that leapt hungrily one upon another, because nothing else was there for them to leap upon. There was nothing else, from Briscoe Point to the riven cloud-edge that went on moving away. Even above the desperate thunder and boom of the sea you could hear, or perhaps feel, the low ground-tone of despair that came from the hearts of the people standing there. More than three parts of the wild, wide bay, was clear now, clear and cold, as blue steel; but no dismasted hull rose darkly between sea and sky.... From point to point there was nothing for the eye to see save the great strife of waters, nothing for the ear to hear but the war of the unabating tempest.... But they knew well that so small a thing as a piece of wreck, or even a boat, might show itself for one moment, and then

hide itself from many, in such a mountainous sea.... Yet not one full minute had passed when the cry, half glad, half full of anguish swept across the Bight, 'They've ta'en to the boat! God help them! They've ta'en to the boat!' For the moment every one had seen it for themselves. Away beyond the seething, desperate, madly-plunging surf, a vast ridge of water had risen slowly, bearing on its up-broken crest a tiny boat, with six dark figures visible against the cold clear sky. 'Heaven help 'em!' said the man who had been watching them through the glass. 'Heaven help 'em! There's some on 'em stripped to swim.' Even as he spoke the boat disappeared. A great white crest, with a flying mane, swept up between, seeming as if it broke into the blue ether that was changing to green. There was no murmur in the crowd, no cry; only a breathless, heart-swelling silence. Could nothing be done? Nothing? Nothing?...

"Suddenly, very suddenly, the painful, breathless silence was broken. A woman, looking southward, saw on the snow-covered cliff-top some object looming, towering greatly against the sky. A crowd of toiling people was about it; horses were being moved hither and thither; ropes were being thrown, and coiled, and bound. 'My God! my God!' said the woman, who had been praying passionately for her husband's life. 'My God! it's the LIFEBOAT! Even so, it was the Lifeboat... The children of children yet unborn will tell of the cutting through the frozen and deeply-drifted snow over hills and through hollows for six long miles; the painful dragging, step by step, of this massively-built boat, mounted on her own carriage, by men who



wrought in silence, in utter obedience, in splendid willingness, with desperate resolve. Men and horses from well-nigh every farm on the road joined the band of volunteers, the men working with such a will as they had never in their lifetime brought to any labor of their own. Massive snow-drifts disappeared, hewn away in heavy blocks; the horses strove in the shafts, as many as eighteen being yoked at one time in places where the road was steep or the snow imperfectly cleared. No difficulty stopped or stayed this little force of brave Yorkshiremen, as they struggled forward, ever forward, on their merciful errand. Even the men who knew that for them the worst was yet to come, the braving of the terrible sea after the terrible toil on land, even they spared not themselves. No, not even when the Lifeboat stood on the top of Briscoe Bank, and was seen towering there by eyes that could only see through tears, welcomed by voices whose words of greeting were choked and overpowered by sobs. Strong men wept as the ringing cheers at length passed upward through the deafening roar of wind and wave; but their weeping had to be brief. The end was not yet. The day was passing on, the tide was rising, the awful foam-white walls of sea that were roaring and dashing in Soulsgrif Bight were growing more appalling in their dread tempestuousness with every hour that went by.... The little boat, with the shipwrecked crew, was still there, tossing outside the breakers. It could be seen from time to time for a few seconds.... Near five hours had gone by between the sighting of the dismayed ship and the sudden looming of the Lifeboat on the top of Briscoe Bank.

.... Swiftly, silently, yet with terrible difficulty, the boat was lowered down by means of ropes. When it touched the sands of the Bight there was a burst of strong, subdued, yet almost over-powering emotion.... Swiftly, and as silently as might be, the Lifeboat was manned, the brave sea-soldiers buckled on their buoyant armor, set their pale blue lances athwart the rest, and turned to face the foe, with hearts as brave, as disdainful of danger, as any that had ever beat in the breasts of the chivalrous knights of ancient repute.... If Homer had seen Ulysses and his men launching a nineteenth-century Lifeboat straight out into the very middle of the breakers that surge and dash upon the North Sea coast during a hurricane we had had another epic to set our hearts a-beating to its diviner theme.... No eye there saw aught save the Boat, its swift upward leaping, its downward plunge into the trough of the sea, its perilous uplifting and suspension on the curling crest of the mountainous wave, its perpendicular rearing as it rose, its dread descent as it fell, its human reel and shudder under the shock of a mighty blow, its sad submission to the drenching, bursting wave, that half filled the hollow between its planks, the swaying, the rocking, the tossing, the threatening, the hard, strong, desperate striving, how should any eye turn from the appalling fascination of a scene like that?.... The Lifeboat was struck by the heaviest sea she had encountered yet. It fell like an avalanche, well-nigh swamping the Boat, and breaking six of her oars. 'They snapped like straws,' said one of the men afterwards, a man whose arm had been dis-

abled by the same stroke. Two other men were hurt; the Boat was not manageable against the wind; there was nothing for it but to turn back for reinforcements of men and oars. A whole hour's rowing, at full strength, in such a sea as that, had exhausted the powers of the Lifeboat crew to a considerable extent, and it had been fruitless. The storm was still raging with its wildest fury. The little boat was still in sight. . . . Another snow squall was looming and threatening in the distance; the coxswain of the Lifeboat was calling out for fresh hands. They were there, with fresh oars, all waiting ready. . . . Another moment, and they were out again in the great white upheaving world of water. It seemed as if the roar of the gale were rising to a shriek as the squall came on. The mingled sleet came down, rain and snow one minute, rain and stinging hail another. You looked and the Lifeboat was visible through the slanting scud,

leaping, plunging, quivering; the men bending forward on the thwarts, under the deluge that was pouring over them, clinging for very life. Again you looked, and there was neither boat nor men to save, neither boat nor men to be saved. All was rage, dread, white fury, black despair. . . . At last, through a break in the thick, yellow-grey mystery, it was seen that the Lifeboat was being rapidly driven shoreward again. Another minute, and it was seen that she had more than her crew on board. No voice was heard in that suspense. If any one spoke, even to God, he spoke silently. Not till the Lifeboat actually touched the beach, slanted downward on a soothing wave, did the cry reach the shore, 'ALL SAVED!' Across the Bight it flew, amid the roaring and rattling of the hurricane. 'All saved! all saved! all saved!'

The NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION granted £70 10s. in rewards for this grand service.

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## THE MISSIONARY MARTYRS OF TERRA DEL FUEGO.

The adventurous spirit of a sailor, when combined with the devotion of a Christian, makes a peculiarly brave and unselfish character. Such an one was Allen Gardiner, born in England in 1794, and trained for the English navy. He gave himself to Christ and became his true disciple in China, while witnessing the worship of idols in a heathen temple. Henceforward he earnestly longed for the religious welfare of the various countries he visited. Becoming specially interested in the natives of South America, he made efforts through many years, from 1823 and onward, to prevail upon Eng-

lish Missionary Societies to begin a mission among the Patagonians. They declined, "not from want of sympathy, but from lack of means."

At last, in 1844, a few friends in Brighton, where Captain Gardiner resided, formed a committee to promote a mission to Patagonia. Captain Gardiner acted as the first secretary, and himself sailed the same year with a missionary catechist. Landing in Gregory Bay, they found few inhabitants, and these were dishonest and treacherous beyond belief. Disturbances also arose between the governments of Chili and Buena



Ayres as to the possession of Patagonia, which obliged the two Englishmen to return home in 1845. Nothing daunted, Captain Gardiner again set forth in 1848. He took with him four sailors and a boat carpenter, and this time he landed on a small island off the shore of Pictou Island, to which he gave the name of Banner Cove. There they pitched a tent and attempted to build a stone house. Some natives appeared, headed by their chief, named Jemmy Button, and they proved to be so thievish that the missionaries could do nothing but watch their property. Captain Gardiner concluded that "the mission establishment for the present must be afloat,"—living in boats and only going ashore to teach.

Even this became impossible, and they were forced to withdraw altogether. Still, Captain Gardiner was not in the least discouraged. He proceeded to Germany and laid the case before the Moravians, and then went to Scotland; but all in vain. These churches probably felt, as did our own American Board Committee, that larger and more hopeful populations required all their strength. The Fuegians were few, and were among the most degraded of the human race. The great naturalist, Mr. Charles Darwin, who visited them in 1832, speaks of the Fuegians in his book entitled "A Naturalist's Voyage," from which we take the following extract: "These poor wretches were stunted in their growth; their hideous faces were bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, and their gestures violent. Viewing such men, one can hardly make one's self believe that they are fellow-creatures and in-

habitants of the same world. . . . Their language scarcely deserves to be called articulate. Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat, but certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural, and clicking sounds. The different tribes when at war are cannibals. It is certainly true that when pressed in winter by hunger they kill and devour their old women before they kill their dogs."

But none of these things moved Captain Gardiner, or rather they *did* move him to a heroic persistence in his efforts to save them. In 1850, he again arrived at Banner Cove, accompanied by six men. One of them was Mr. Maidment, a London Sunday-school teacher; three were boatmen; a fourth was Erwin, the boat carpenter who had been with Captain Gardiner in the first expedition, and who was devotedly attached to him. He used to say that "being with him was like heaven on earth, he was such a man of prayer." The sixth was Dr. Williams, a surgeon, who for this perilous enterprise left a good practice, an aged mother, and a young lady to whom he was attached. A few days after they were left at Banner Cove, Captain Gardiner wrote from their "Mission Wigwam" to the committee at Brighton:—"Nothing can exceed the cheerful endurance of the whole party. I feel that the Lord is with us and cannot doubt that He will own and bless the work which He has permitted us to begin. We shall not, I know, be forgotten in your approaches to the throne of grace. It is from that source alone we draw our strength and consolation. And when we look on these poor degraded Indians and consider that they are, like ourselves, destined

to live forever, we yearn over them and feel willing to spend and be spent in the endeavor to bring to their ears in their own tongue the great truths of the gospel of salvation."

The party was provided with six months' stores, that bleak region affording little food. Further supplies were collected in England and every effort was made to forward them, but no vessel would imperil its insurance for so small a freight. No tidings were received from the mission till 1852, when the ship *Dido* touched at Banner Cove to make inquiries. As the captain entered the cove he saw, painted on the rocks: "Gone to Spaniard's Harbor." A day's sail brought the *Dido* to Spaniard's Harbor, and there on the beach was the mission-boat. Inside it a man lay dead, and another dead body was found near by. The men of the *Dido* cried like children at the sight. A journal was found, from which it appeared that the missionaries had died of starvation. They had been driven from place to place by the natives. They were cooped up through the long stormy nights of almost perpetual ice and snow, in a small boat without food and with that terrible disease, the scurvy. By mistake, their powder had not been left with their stores; this had deprived them of half their support, and fish were very scarce. After farther search the remaining bodies were found, with other papers. Their cabin was so small that the iron deck was only a few inches above their faces, and the water which accumulated from condensation on the iron roof dripped upon their heads and saturated the bed-clothes till they were wringing wet. But Dr. Williams' journal said: "I do love God with

a love I had no conception of, with a love that actuates every faculty of my whole soul; and the love of God in Christ I feel beyond expression. His will be done, His blessed will be done; I have no longer a choice when I know His holy will. My poor frail body is now very attenuated, and my sinking, depressed feelings are very great at times. But my mind scarcely feels depression, and certainly no depression except in mourning over my unfaithfulness. Should anything prevent my ever adding to this, let all my beloved ones at home rest assured that I was happy beyond all expression, the night I wrote these lines, and would not have changed positions with any man living." The following letter was found, written by Captain Gardiner on the day of his death:

"The Lord has seen fit to call home another of our little company. Our dear brother [Mr. Maidment] left the boat on Tuesday and has not returned. Doubtless he is in the presence of his Redeemer, whom he served faithfully. Yet a little while and we, through grace, may join that blessed throng to sing the praises of Christ throughout eternity. I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food. Marvelous loving kindness to me, a sinner.

"Your affectionate brother in Christ,

ALLEN F. GARDINER.

"September 6th, 1851."

These affecting details caused a great sensation in England, but they did not deter Christians from sending out a new and more carefully planned mission. In 1854, a schooner of one hundred tons burden, named the *Allen Gardiner*, left Bristol with a suitable crew, and a catechist, surgeon, and several mechanics. They anchor-



ed at Keppel Island, in the West Falklands, where they set about building houses and cultivating the land. They called the settlement "Cranmer." In 1856 three missionaries joined them, one of whom was Mr. Allen W. Gardiner, the only son of the mission founder. In 1858 their ship went to Terra del Fuego, and induced nine natives, one of whom was the chief, Jemmy Button, with his wife, to go back with them to Keppel Island. The missionaries wished to teach them and to learn their language thoroughly before undertaking to live among their wild people. Seven of the nine often showed ill feeling, and sometimes were in a great rage when detected in stealing; but there were two boys who behaved well and learned rapidly. In ten months all these natives were taken back to their homes in the *Allen Gardiner*, with the intention of bringing another company to be taught at Keppel. There were nine Europeans on board. But the ship did not return at the expected time, and as soon as possible a missionary took passage to Stanley, chartered a schooner, and sailed in search. He found the hull and the spars of the *Allen Gardiner* at anchor in Beagle Channel, and only one of her men alive! This man had remained on board one Sunday while the others went ashore to hold a service, and the natives had surrounded them and beaten or stoned them to death. A week's hard labor refitted the *Allen Gardiner*, and she was taken back to Keppel. Of his own accord, Okokko, one of the two young men, returned with her, taking his wife, and again he proved most faithful. In the course of four years he was able to speak English well and to understand the object of the mission-

aries in seeking to live among his people. So in 1863 it was resolved to try another visit to them. This time Okokko was spokesman, and the natives listened attentively. More of them wished to go to Keppel than could be taken, and eleven went. One more year passed, and Okokko again returned to Terra del Fuego to settle down and make a Christian home. His wife, Camilenna, was not to wander in the canoe, like her people, but to set a Christian example of domestic life.

This was the beginning of better days. Reverses still overtook the mission, but Okokko and other natives trained at Keppel held the ground until 1869, when Mr. (now Bishop) Stirling settled among them. In 1872 Bishop Stirling baptized thirty-six natives. Since then the work has steadily progressed. Admiral Sullivan informed Darwin of the change in the natives who had been under the influence of the mission. As an illustration, he said that during eleven years the mission fowl-houses had remained unlocked and that not one egg had been stolen. Darwin replied that he "could not have believed that all the missionaries in the world could have made the Fuegians honest." Darwin had once maintained that all the pains bestowed on them would be thrown away, but he now acknowledged his mistake, and he wrote: "The lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand." Far better than this: it is "the power of God unto salvation." In 1881 the baptisms had been one hundred and thirty-seven. At the close of 1883 they were one hundred and eighty. The mission station at Ooshooia, on the north shore of Beagle Channel, had become a Christian village of about one hundred and fifty

natives, and they had their cottages, gardens, and roads, while polygamy, witchcraft, wrecking, theft, and other vices had been abolished in the vicinity.

Last September an English squadron arrived at Ooshooia, and a distinguished naval officer reports that "a crew of six natives came out, the men as well dressed and well trained as the sailors of our seas." He describes the climate of Ooshooia as healthy and agreeable, the slightly undulating land as "covered with good grass and producing good potatoes, turnips, cabbages, pears, apples, roses, pinks, violets," etc. Still later letters, dated November 24, 1884, give particulars of the spread at the station of a severe form of measles. A missionary writes that many had died, but that "it has

been a pleasure to go among them, for in almost every house I have heard the voice of prayer and praise amid their sufferings. We are sure many of the natives whom we have known and loved so long have passed away to a happier home. What a privilege to speak and pray with them, and to know they were able to express their humble submission to the will of God, and their calm and peaceful confidence in Jesus, having a joyful hope of triumph and victory over death through the finished work of Christ!" Thus have the poor savages of Terra del Fuego been added to that great cloud of witnesses who testify to the grace of the Lord Jesus and to the almighty power of His renewing Spirit.—*Missionary Herald*.

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## THE CHINESE AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY REV. FRANK W. DAMON, HONOLULU, H. I.

There are at the present time from 18,000 to 20,000 Chinese on these islands; of these some 900 are females. There have been Chinese in the islands for thirty or forty years, but the majority of those now here have come within the past five or ten years. There are two pronouncedly different tribes or clans—the *Puntis* and *Hakkas*; the former coming from the neighborhood of Canton and the district of Heung Shan, in which district the city of Macao is situated. The Hakkas come from districts near Hong Kong and from remote and mountainous regions in the eastern and north-eastern part of the province of Kwang-tung. These clans are not friendly to each other. They speak strongly different dialects, which greatly increases the diffi-

culty of working among them. The Hakkas, however, in time come to understand, more or less, the dialect spoken by the Puntis. The Puntis, as a class, regard themselves as superior to the Hakkas, and often treat the latter with contempt. Both clans are, however, progressive and industrious, and have strongly intrenched themselves in our island group.

Christian work has been prosecuted among the Chinese here for some fifteen or twenty years, though not regularly organized till about four years ago. There are between four and five hundred Christian Chinese on the island,—men, women and children. Of these the majority are Hakkas, though there is a sprinkling of Puntis. Some have come to us from the Basel, Barmen, Ameri-



can Presbyterian, and American Baptist Missions in China, and from the Presbyterian Mission in California, while those who are in many respects the most active and efficient members have been converted and baptized here.

There is a well-equipped and organized church in Honolulu; another at Kohala, island of Hawaii. At Hilo, we have a mission-house (rented), but not as yet an organized church. On the island of Maui, at Paia, the Hawaiians and Chinese are united in one church organization, both nationalities having contributed toward the cost of a neat church edifice. For helpers, we have in Honolulu an excellent man, of tried Christian character, who has charge of the preaching in our Chinese church and holds services among the Chinese at the prison and hospital, and is most active in all good work here in the city. At Kohala there is another Chinese preacher, who has been laboring for some years in that district. At Hilo we have an evangelist, who is doing good work, while in Maui there is another who labors among his countrymen there. Arrangements are making, if the necessary funds can be raised, to send another preacher to the island of Kauai. In addition to these we have here in Honolulu a teacher for our boys' school, and another for the girls' school. These have charge of the Chinese department of the schools, while two American ladies, Miss Payson (formerly in Foochow) and Mrs. Kinney, have the English department. We have at present about sixty pupils, boys and girls, in our schools. There is pressing need of a Chinese girls' boarding school, and I trust that God will soon open the way for us to undertake his new work.

We have a Chinese Young Men's Christian Association which is in many respects an important auxiliary to the church. A bit of land has recently been leased for a period of years, in the rear of our Chinese church, and we are hoping soon to erect a suitable building for meetings there and also to provide a home for the sick and destitute of the church and association. We hope when this is completed to be able to form a small training class and thus raise up our own evangelists and not be dependent upon China.

The Chinese are scattered all over the islands, in nearly every valley and plain, and in the most remote nooks. They congregate in large numbers on the sugar plantations, and the rice industry is entirely in their hands, as is almost all the small shopkeeping in the country districts.

Preaching the Word, distribution of tracts and scriptures, schools here in the city, sabbath-schools where instruction in English is given, and itinerating, are among the principal agencies which we use to reach the people. On the whole, the lookout is encouraging. There is but little marked hostility to the spread of Christianity, though this is at times manifested, mainly fostered by the secret societies of the Chinese, which do great harm and are large and powerful. The attendance at our Chinese church at Honolulu upon the Sabbath is increasing. Two Sabbaths ago, a member of one of the most influential and wealthy Chinese firms in the city was baptized and received into the church, bringing also his two little children for baptism. He gives good evidence of being a real Christian, and his public profession of faith in Jesus Christ can-

not fail to make an impression here. The majority of our church members are poor and form the working class. Some of them display an earnest, active spirit, and,

on the whole, I think they compare favorably with the Christians of other nationalities residing on our islands.—*Missionary Herald.*

### TRUTHFUL, IF NOT OVER ROSEATE.

At the recent meeting in New York City of the Missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church at which were present twelve bishops and forty prominent laymen from all parts of the United States, a remarkable address was delivered by Bishop Foster, of Boston, on "The Outlook of the World for Humanity," which is full of deep thought for Christians of all denominations. Bishop Foster's personal appearance, being a stately, robust man, over six feet in height, crowned with a mass of white hair brushed back from his broad forehead, together with his impassioned oratory, which the weight of years has robbed of none of its old time vigor and eloquence, added greatly to the force and impressiveness of his words. Declaring his firm belief in the ultimate triumph of Christianity over all other religions, he also declared:—

"But there are some who too fondly anticipate a millennium. Is our faith supported by existing facts that indicate such a result? I believe that we have drifted so much into enthusiasm that we forget the facts. There is a lack of information on the progress of Christianity. The facts are misstated daily in pulpits all over the country. Ministers hesitate to present the worst side for fear of causing discouragement. They create hopes that are never to be realized. We are not at the dawn of the millennium. Compared with the work to be done the past is nothing.

Our children's children for ten generations to come must labor harder than we are doing to accomplish the conversion of the world. The world's population is 1,500,000,000. Of these, Christians number less than a third. Half of that third belong to the Roman Catholic Church; the Protestants number 113,000,000. They are divided into 500 sects, and this number of their strength includes also all the thieves, ex-convicts, the debased, besotted, the speckled and streaked in Christendom. The popular idea is that the Church of Rome is anti-christ. I don't agree with the popular belief. I regard that wonderful institution as a great Christian camp. It may have to be reconstructed, but before us we have the great problem,—the 1,100,000,000 of pagans to convert to Christianity. That is the solid rock that looms up in the path. Look at it! See what work has been done in 1,800 years, and how much is yet to be accomplished. In India, after more than a hundred years of mission work we have 600,000 native converts, and 2,000,000 Christians among 260,000,000 heathens. Can we remove that solid boulder that is as old as the hills?

"We must get down to hard pan, then. It is a big loaf to be leavened, and it has been a long time working. We have now with us the sunlight of modern thought, that is melting superstition. We have the aid of the greatest power



on earth, and the support of the English flag, the most glorious flag on earth,—unless it is our own starry emblem. [Applause]. Victoria's shield upholds Christianity over one-third of the globe. Germany defends the Cross against the Crescent. Over the ocean here our country is growing, and we shall be the great nation in a thousand years. The bride of the Church who was married to that old adulterer, the State, has fled to us here in America, and has restored more truly than since the days of Constantine the primitive idea of the early Christian Church. Reconstruction is born out of the Bible. It needs manhood and womanhood, and a heroism that is not afraid to strike the giant with a million around him. I am tired of the cant from our pulpits of sacred phrases that mean nothing. Put soul into them to bring on victory! Our Methodist Church we think the most divine and ineffable. We boast that we are going to conquer the world, and we come from our palaces, and princely farms, and subscribe fifty cents a head for the undertaking."

The words of Bishop Foster are timely. Too many are apt to think as they grow enthusiastic over the details of missionary success in special fields that the warfare is nearly accomplished, whereas it is but the beginning, and they suffer their enthusiasm to relax their direct efforts. To such the words of the

Bishop come in warning, and at the same time as a trumpet call to renewed and more vigorous effort.

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### The World's Missionary Societies.

*The Christian World* says that the missionary work of the world now includes 100 societies,—50 American and 50 European,—which report an income of \$9,723,850, of which \$4,420,613 came from America, \$6,203,237 from Europe. The American societies report 675 ordained missionaries, 129 lay missionaries, 1,133 female missionaries, 1,102 ordained native preachers, 10,936 other native helpers, and 248,070 communicants in churches. In connection with the European societies there are 1,780 ordained missionaries, 249 lay missionaries, 1,030 women missionaries, 1,241 ordained native preachers, 15,420 native helpers, and 276,715 communicants in churches. The total Protestant missionary work of the world has, therefore, 2,755 ordained missionaries, 2,162 women, 2,243 ordained native helpers, and 644,784 communicants in churches. These totals show a gain over the preceding year of \$656,350 in income, 25 ordained missionaries, 70 lay missionaries, 149 women, 133 ordained natives, 3,637 native helpers, and 26,137 communicants.

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### CHRIST'S JEWELS.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER, D. D.

The Lord Jesus when on earth was one of the poorest of men. He was born in poverty; he was cradled in a stable; He went through his brief life on foot; He

had no home during his ministry in which to lay his weary head; and His crucified body was buried in a family tomb borrowed from an almost stranger. Yet He was

all the time laying the foundations for the most magnificent possessions in the universe of God. He was accumulating the only treasures that can outlast this fleeting globe. There are innumerable human souls redeemed by Him unto everlasting glory. To them His prophetic eye looked forward when He said: "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels." More closely rendered, the passage is: "They shall be my *peculiar treasure* in the day I am preparing."

For one, I like the familiar phraseology in our common version. Christians are Christ's jewels. They are purchased by atoning blood; at an infinite price was this divine ownership secured. As the pearls are only won from the depths of the sea by the dangerous dive of the fishers, so were the pearls for the Messiah's crown brought up from the miry depths of depravity by the descent of that divine Sufferer who came to seek and to save the lost. The most brilliant and precious gem known to us is of the same chemical substance as the black and opaque coal of the mine. Crystallization turns the carbon into the diamond. The grace of the Lord Jesus transforms an opaque soul, as black by nature as the jet, into a jewel which reflects the glory of Christ's countenance. All the luster that the ripest Christian character possesses is but the reflection of that Sun of Righteousness. He who lives nearest to Jesus shines the brightest. The tarnish which makes some Christians no more sightly than a common pebble of the mire, comes from contact with an evil world. A "pearl cast before swine" is not more out of place than is a professed follower of

Jesus in the society of scoffers, or in the haunts of revelry.

Not all precious jewels glitter in conspicuous positions. The Master has his hidden ones; there are costly sapphires beneath coarse raiment, and up in the dingy attic of poverty. That self-denying daughter who wears out her youthful years in nursing a poor infirm mother, is a ruby of whom the Master saith, Thou art mine in the day when I gather my jewels. Many a precious pearl do the Wells and the Wanamakers fish up from the dregs of ignorance into their mission-schools. From an awful depth did Jesus rescue that converted inebriate, near whom we sat last Sabbath at the communion-table. All soul-saving work is a pearl-fishery for King Jesus.

We are his workmanship, said the great apostle; and the luster of a gem depends much on the polishing. This is often a sharp and a severe process. Many of God's people can recall the times when they were under the terrible file, or were pressed down to the grinding-wheel. Blessed be the affliction however fierce, that gives new luster to the diamond! The Master spendeth no time upon worthless pebbles! only His jewels are polished after the similitude of a palace. Nor is this process only wrought by the divine hand; every Christian must strive to make his or her own character the more shapely and beautiful. In a charming little volume from the pen of one of the daughters of Dr. C. of New York (its anonymous authorship forbids any fuller mention), it is happily said "that the more highly polished the precious stone is, the more brilliantly it reflects the light. The roughness must be smoothed by careful



painstaking self-control, the untrue angles must be cut down by self-sacrifice, the surface must be evened by daily work and spiritual exercise,—even trials and sorrows must be borne patiently, knowing that they will give the character an added luster which will more worthily reflect the Master's image."

When these jewels are made ready for his many crowns, Christ will take them home unto himself. Luther said that there is great divinity in the pronouns of Scripture. "They shall be *mine*, saith the Lord." This claim is founded on the purchase made in redeeming blood. Regeneration by the Holy Spirit confirms it, and every true believer is also self-surrendered to the ownership of Christ. Up to the hour of conversion we had other proprietors,—self, sin, and the devil. Now Jesus says to each Christian, Thou art *mine*, I own thee, I will instruct thee, and polish thee, and put thee where it pleaseth me. I will take care of thy salvation, and no man shall pluck thee out of my hand. Thou shalt be my peculiar treasure in the day of my triumphant appearing. I will place thee in in my crown!

What a coronation day that will be! All else on this globe will be but as lumber and rubbish,—fit only for the flames,—in comparison with his choice ones. Then shall the homeless man of Nazareth come into full possession of his magnificent trophies. The lost in hell will be outnumbered by the saved in heaven. They that curse him in the pit will be far fewer than they that crown him in the Paradise. On the head once bleeding with the thorns will flash this diadem of his imperial glory. And then will all the universe confess

that the ransom was worth all its bitter cost of agonies, when the King shall ascend his throne of victory, and be encircled with the constellations of His jewels!—*New York Evangelist*.

### Moody's Mistake.

The last time I preached upon the matter of decision in religion was in old Farwell Hall. I had been for five nights preaching upon the life of Christ. I took him from the cradle and followed him up to the judgment hall, and on that occasion I consider I made as great a blunder as ever I made in my life. If I could recall my act I would give this right hand. It was upon that memorable night in October, and the Court House bell was sounding an alarm of fire, but I paid no attention to it. We were accustomed to hear the fire bell often, and it didn't disturb us much when it sounded. I finished the sermon upon "What shall I do with Jesus?" And I said to the audience, "Now, I want you to take the question with you and think over it, and next Sunday I want you to come back and tell me what you are going to do with it." What a mistake! It seems now as if Satan was in my mind when I said this. Since then I have never dared give an audience a week to think of their salvation. If they were lost they might rise up in judgment against me. "Now is the accepted time." We went down stairs to the other meeting, and I remember when Mr. Sankey was singing, and how his voice rang when he came to that pleading verse:—

To-day the Savior calls;  
For refuge fly.  
The storm of justice falls  
And death is nigh.

After meeting we went home. I remember going down La Salle st. with a young man who is probably in the hall to-night, and saw the glare of flames. I said to the young man:—"This means ruin to Chicago." About one o'clock, Farwell Hall went, soon the church in which I had preached went down, and everything was scattered. I never saw that audience again. My friends, we don't know what may happen to-morrow, but there is one thing I do know, and that is, if you take the gift you are saved. If you have eternal life you need not fear fire, death, or sickness. Let disease or death come, you can shout triumphantly over the grave if you have Christ. My friends, what are you going to do with Him to-night? Will you decide now?

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### What a Wife's Prayers Did.

An old sailor, writing to a local paper a letter about farms and farming, says:—I want to tell what influence a praying wife has had on me. A few years ago, I came to my wife's old homestead after forty-five years at sea. The place fell into our hands, and I went to farming. Kept six cows, and bought over one hundred dollars' worth of hay; raised two little patches of corn and potatoes, of about one-half acre each. About once a month I would go to town and have a lot of suckers hanging around for a drink, then it would take a week to get straightened out again, and sometimes more.

Cider was a new thing to me. The old farmers used to tell me, "Oh, this won't hurt you;" and one night the Congregational deacon and a farmer started to see me home safe. I drove so fast, or "carried sail," as I called it, that

they jumped for life from the carriage. Oh no, cider will not hurt anybody!

Wife kept on praying. Moody came to Burlington, and she coaxed me to go and hear him. I had been round the world and heard preaching from old England to China. Forty years at sea, twenty as a master, I was always a churchgoer, but a head believer all the time. I was fifty-eight years a sinner. Moody was the first man that ever waked me up. Eloquence, and long, flowery, written speeches would never have opened my eyes. I thank God for a praying wife that got me to hear him once. His plain talk decided me, and I tacked ship then and there, hove all the accursed stuff that defileth overboard, even to tobacco, which I had used forty-eight years, headed off shore, clear of rocks and shoals, for bluer waters, home-ward bound.

I shall never forget that sermon about "Naäman the Leper;" just my case; all the nice worldly surroundings; but still the thought would come, "You must leave it all pretty soon, and you a leper." It didn't take any coaxing to get me there next time.

Ours is a happy family now. I don't have to go out behind the barn when I get home from town for fear my wife would smell my breath; and I write no letters, nor talk with anybody unless I tell them about the Pilot I have on board.

Well, for the result: instead of sucking an old pipe, and guzzling down cider, I read the Bible. When the plough strikes a stone, I never feel like swearing as I used to do, and instead of the cows being half-starved on poor hay, I feed them as other successful farmers do, on good stuff.



**Sin Doth Eat Like Canker."**

In the month of January, 1839, the brig *Spartan* was hauled up in the marine railway for repairs. The railway at that time was at the foot of Franklin street, corner of Commercial. The brig was thirteen years old. A calker was engaged and the vessel was calked from her keel to her wails. It had been thoroughly repaired, and was ready for launching, but as the calker stood under the bluff of the brig's bow, looking up, he saw a butt just forward of the filge close by the keel: he thought he would try it with his calking iron. As he did so, the wood broke away from his iron like an egg-shell. He examined it, and found a round stone weighing some five pounds had lodged between the inside and outside ceiling, and rolling back and forth had worn a place twice its size in the bottom plank, to within an eighth of an inch of the outside. The slightest touch would have broken it through, and the brig would have gone down, and all on board have found a watery grave if it had not been discovered. The wonder is that it had not gone down long before.

So it is with our sins; though small in the beginning, and seeming to produce but little injury, as we grow older, year by year, they wear deeper and deeper, until at last, if there is no help to remove them, like that noble young man, setting out so beautifully on the ocean of life, with bright prospects, in an unlooked-for hour, the secret of the inward enemy is revealed in the terrible wreck. Well does the Psalmist, taught by experience, plead,—  
 "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." None so dangerous, just because they are out of sight.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."—  
*E. P. F.*

**Charlotte Elliot's Hymn.**

Some fifty years ago that eminent minister, the Rev. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, was a guest of the Elliots, a well-to-do family in the West End of London.

One evening, in conversation with the daughter, Charlotte, he wished to know if she was a Christian. The young lady resented his question, and told him that religion was a matter which she did not wish to discuss. Mr. Malan replied, with his usual sweetness of manner, that he would not pursue the subject then if it displeased her, but he would pray that she might "give her heart to Christ and become a useful worker for Him."

Several days afterwards the young lady apologized for her abrupt treatment of the minister, and confessed that his question and his parting remark had troubled her.

"But I do not know how to find Christ," she said, "I want you to help me."

"Come to Him just as you are," said Mr. Malan.

He little thought that one day that simple reply would be repeated in song by the whole Christian world.

Further advice resulted in opening the young lady's mind to a spiritual light, and her life of devout activity and faith began. She possessed literary gifts, and, having assumed the charge of *The Yearly Remembrancer*, on the death of its editor, she inserted several original poems (without her name) in making up her first number. One of the poems was:

"Just as I am without one plea  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

The words of Pastor Malan, realized in her own experience, were of course the writer's inspiration.—*Youths' Companion*.

### The Anchor Watch.

"I often recall," says an old sailor, "my first night at sea. A storm had come up, and we had put back under a point of land which broke the wind a little, but still the sea had a rake on us, and we were in danger of drifting. I was on the anchor watch, and it was my duty to give warning in case the ship should drag her anchor. It was a long night to me. I was very anxious whether I should know if the ship really did drift. How could I tell? I found that, going forward and placing my hand on the chain, I could tell by feeling of it whether the anchor was dragging or not; and how often that night I went forward and placed my hand on that chain! And very often since then I have wondered whether I am drifting away from God, and then I go away and pray.

"Sometimes during that long, stormy night I would be startled by a rumbling sound, and I would put my hand on the chain, and find it was not the anchor dragging, but only the chain grating against the rocks on the bottom. The anchor was still firm. And sometimes now, in temptation and trial, I become afraid, and upon praying, I find that down deep in my heart I do love God, and my hope is in His salvation. And I want just to say a word to you boys: Boys, keep an anchor watch, lest before you are aware, you may be upon the rocks."

### Telling the Truth.

An article in the September *Popular Science Monthly*, makes this strong and unanswerable statement as to the necessity for truthfulness, looked at from a scientific and prudential point of view merely:—

Already, long ages ago, it was discovered by experience that tribe or nation, and every member thereof, would better serve his own prosperity and success, by generally telling the truth, than by telling falsehoods; so nine times out of ten he would tell the truth. The confusion that would arise were every one to tell nine falsehoods to one truth is inconceivable. The man who had been placed on sentinel duty, when asked whether he had seen the enemy, would answer no, although he knew the enemy to be within the hearing of his voice. The mother would tell her child that certain herbs, which she knew to be poisonous, were good to eat; the child would eat and die. The father would deny his ability to provide food for his family, although but an hour before he had slain a buffalo or deer. Telling the truth sometimes, and most of the time, is an absolute necessity, depending not on theological injunctions but on the very existence of life. Our rude forefathers of the prehistoric ages were aware of this fact, and the enunciated the general principle that it is wrong to lie. This is scientific generalization. It is a law deduced by experience and observation from a great number of facts, and it is as justly entitled to be considered a generalization as Newton's law of gravitation or Pascal's principle of hydrostatics. The experience of nations and of ages has firmly established this principle; it is incorporated into all codes of morals.



### Why he Abstained.

"Doctor," said a lady at a fashionable dinner-party, a few years ago, to the present Bishop Henry C. Potter, "I observe that you take no wine." "No," said Dr. Potter, "I have not done so for many years.—in fact, for twenty-five years." She expressed surprise in the look which met the doctor's answer. "It may interest you to know why I abstain," said Dr. Potter, observing the expression of his companion. "I will tell you. A man with an unconquerable passion for drink, came constantly to see me, and told me how this miserable passion was bringing him to utter ruin; how his employers, every time he obtained a situation, were compelled to dismiss him, because of his terrible habit. One day, I said to this man, 'Why will you not say, here and now,—Before God, and in His help, I never will taste liquor again?'" The man said, "Doctor, if you were in my place you would not say that." I answered, 'Temperate man that I am, I will say so this moment.' And I spoke the solemn vow that he had called upon him to make. My poor friend looked at me with consternation: then an expression of hope overspread his face. With a steady voice, he pronounced the vow. A moment after he left me, but returned often to see me. The vow has been kept; and he that

was fast losing soul and body found a position, kept it, and became not only a sober but a godly man." The man thus saved from intemperance by Dr. Potter was shot by an Indian in the West, while on an errand of mercy to that Indian tribe. A tablet to his memory has been placed in Grace Chapel, New York City.

### Taking away the Props.

"Say, father, they are knocking away the props under the bridge; what are they doing that for; won't the bridge fall?" "They are knocking them away," replied the father, "so that the timbers may rest the more firmly on the stone piers that are built under them."

So the Lord often takes away our earthly props that we may rest more firmly on the Divine supports. He sometimes takes away a person's health that he may rest upon Him for daily sustenance. Before health failed he might have said, "give us this day our daily bread," but now he realizes how he rests entirely on the Divine bounty. He thinks no more of his own industry and forethought, and the round-about way of Providential aid, but he learns to lean directly on the care of the Unseen. The same is true of other things on which we depend. These are precious lessons for us to learn.

### LOSS OF THE HYLTON CASTLE.

The SAILORS' MAGAZINE cannot record with any fulness, even a tithe of the maritime disasters that occur at this season of the year, but it does aim to present, from time to time, in adequate way, such account of some contemporary scenes of peril as may serve to remind our readers that the dangers and exposures to which sailors are subjected, are now, as they always have been, extreme in their nature, and such as fitly call out for them the best sympathies of their brethren on the land.

In the case of the *Hylton Castle*, which left this port January 8th, '86, it has been a satisfaction to us that they were received and sheltered at our SAILOR'S HOME in Cherry St. We quote at length from the *N. Y. Tribune* of January 13th and 14th concerning their sad experience.

*From The Tribune, January 13th.*

The surface of the Great South Bay, except where the main ship channel comes in by Fire Island, was covered with snow and ice yesterday and over the glittering expanse blew a keen north wind, which sent the mercury in the thermometer down below zero in the morning and let it get only a few degrees above that point all day. In the forenoon ten men came struggling over the ice to Patchogue, L. I. They were the rescued sailors from the foundered steamship *Hylton Castle* and came from the Life Saving Station at Point of Woods, five miles east of Fire Island light. They left the shelter of the station in the morning and walked five miles to another, where they got their dinner, and then started on their seven miles walk across the ice to the village of Patchogue. The party comprised First Officer JOHN MARSHALL, the second and third assistant engineers, the steward, cook, three sailors and two firemen. They were met at Patchogue by C. E. ROSE, agent of the Underwriters' Association, and brought to this city. The first officer told the following story of the loss of the *Hylton Castle* :—

"We left New York on Friday,—a day on which all sailors dislike to begin a voyage. We sailed in the afternoon and had got well to the eastward of Sandy Hook,—fifty miles, I should say,—when, at 8 o'clock at night, we encountered a terrific gale. We plunged into it, making but little headway. There was a blinding snow-storm and we did not know exactly where we were. It was bitterly cold and the ship was soon coated with ice. The captain was on the bridge and the hatches were battened down. The storm grew worse as the night wore on and the vessel was badly strained by the huge seas with which she struggled. In the height of the storm she became unmanageable and refused to answer her helm. Then she sprung a leak and water began to pour into the hold. The steam-pumps were set to work and the hand-pumps manned, but we were unable to keep her free. Some of the waves which boarded the vessel tore the tarpaulins off the hatches, and water was soon pouring in from the decks. Morning, which we

hardly had expected to see, found us in terrible plight. The ship was one solid mass of ice, the crew were half dead from cold and exposure and exhausted with hard work. The storm abated somewhat and the ship answering her helm again the Captain headed her for New York. The men worked on at the hand-pumps and the steam-pumps were still going.

"Our only hope, as we thought, was to keep her afloat until we reached New York. No land was in sight and the tremendous seas which were running made it impossible to take to the boats. The captain and the wheelman had to be lashed in their places to keep them from being washed overboard. All day we struggled westward, but night found us with our horrible situation unchanged and the odds against us in our fight for life greater. How we lived through the night I don't know, but we did, and finally Sunday morning dawned. The water gained on us rapidly all day and at 6 o'clock in the evening it reached the fires and put them out. We spent a night of suffering and suspense on the sinking steamer. At 6 o'clock Fire Island Light was sighted about fifteen miles to the northwest. At 9 o'clock Captain CORVY gave the order to abandon ship. I went in the cutter with half of the crew and the Captain went in the life boat with the other half. When we had got two miles from the ship we saw her go down bow first. We kept in company with the captain's boat until within about seven miles of the shore. Then the boats separated, the captain's taking a more easterly course. The last seen of the captain's boat she was making to the northeast. I am afraid that the men were exhausted by the intense cold and the hard work and have all perished. and my men were badly used up, some of us had our ears and hands frost-bitten and we were able to make but slow progress. We saw the Life Saving Station on shore and pulled toward it. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon, when within a mile or so of the shore, we saw a boat coming off. It proved to be the boat from the Life Saving Station, commanded by Captain MILLER. He took half of our men into his boat and put some of his crew aboard of us. When the rescuing boat reached us the cook and steward



were lying in the bottom of my cutter insensible from cold and hunger. We reached the shore in safety and were given dry clothing and food at the Life Saving Station. We had eaten nothing for eighteen hours and were badly used up."

The names of the rescued men are John Ralph Marshall, first mate; Frank Morris, second assistant engineer; Frederick Bessa, third assistant engineer; Walter Howard, steward; Edward Kure, cook; David L. Davis, George Ulephant, Jans Anderson, William Jones and Ettore Belucie, seamen. Those supposed to have perished in the captain's boat were Captain Colvin, John Amiss, chief engineer; Eleazar Stephenson, carpenter; Theodore Larsen and John Rees, seamen, and James Harty, James Thompson, Thomas Lovell, John Black and Frederick Fisher, firemen.

The men who reached the shore arrived in the city last night. They went directly to the office of the British Consul, but found it closed. They then went directly to the Miners' Arms, a sailor's boarding-house in Bridge St., but found that also closed. While they were standing on the sidewalk debating what to do next, they were approached by a man who after asking them if they were shipwrecked seamen, showed them the way to the Church Street Police Station. The men were left there by the first mate, who went to the house of the British Consul, No. 446 West Twenty-third St., and procured an order on the SAILORS' HOME for the board and lodging of the men. He then returned to the station and, accompanied by the men, went to the Home at No. 190 Cherry St. While the men were at the police station Captain Berghold sent out to a restaurant for coffee and soup, which the men devoured with evident relish. The party arrived at the SAILOR'S HOME about 10 p. m. A more weather-beaten and storm-tossed group of men is seldom seen. Some were clothed in oil-skins with immense sou'westers which almost hid their faces, and some had their trousers tucked into their boots and their hands thrust into the pockets of their pea-jackets. Their hair was encrusted with the salt spray and their ears and hands showed the effects of the intense cold. One man clad in oil-skins had a clothes bag slung over his shoulder and a pair of sea-boots under his arm, but the others saved only the clothes which they wore. The men, one after another, walked up to the desk and gave their names and positions on board the ship. Then all were taken

down to the dining-room, where they received, as the mate said, "the first square feed" they had had since leaving the ship.

As to the primary cause of the loss of the *Hylton Castle*, the article in the *Tribune*, goes on to say:—"In shipping circles it was stated that not only did the vessel appear to be overloaded, or loaded so as to sink below the "Plimsoll" load line, but that too much of the cargo was stowed in bulk, rendering it liable to shift in case of heavy weather and endangering her safety. Before she sailed her rudder chains were found to be out of order, and after these were repaired a further delay occurred in overhauling the steam whistle, which was out of order. Then the engineer reported that the steam chest bonnet was found insecure, and another delay of half an hour occurred."

From the *Tribune*, January 14th.

The mysterious fishing smack which the lookout at Fire Island saw going toward Sandy Hook on Tuesday, January 12th, with a white boat in tow proved to be, as was hoped, the rescuer of the missing half of the *Hylton Castle's* crew. The smack arrived here yesterday morning, and the crew of the Captain's boat were restored to the companionship of their shipmates at the SAILORS' HOME, and last evening "around the galley fire" they took a good long watch below to tell of their sufferings, adventures and escape. All were there except one poor fellow who had to be sent to the hospital, so badly was he frost bitten. The crew of the mate's boat, who were rescued on Monday, had to retell the tale of their adventures, and to both the old and the new story the other sailors at the Home listened with the intense interest of men who heard the relation of an experience which might any day be theirs.

Early in the morning the telegraph operator in the observatory at Sandy Hook saw a small schooner standing in toward the land with a large white boat in tow. He immediately communicated with the captain of the life saving station, who called his men and put off in the lifeboat. When the lifeboat came alongside the schooner the captain hailed her and found out that she was the fishing smack *Stephen Woolsey*, of New-London, and that she had picked up the

captain and a part of the crew of the *Hylton Castle*. The lifeboat returned to the shore with the news which was immediately telegraphed to the city. The tug *E. M. Millard* was sent down the bay to tow the schooner up to the city. In the meantime Captain KEENEY, of the *Woolsey*, seeing that it was impossible to make headway against the thick ice which was drifting down the bay, signalled the tug *Rambler* which was cruising in search of a tow. The *Rambler* towed her up to her pier at the Fulton Market. When the *Woolsey* was abreast Dix Island the *Millard* came alongside, and after the shipwrecked seamen were transferred to her deck she steamed up to the city and landed them at Castle Garden about noon. The men immediately went to the office of the British Consul, where they gave their names as follows: Captain, WILLIAM COLVIN; chief engineer, John Amess; mate J. P. SCOTT; boatswain, John Athridge; carpenter, Eleazer Stephenson; seamen, Theodore Larsen and John Reese, and firemen James Heatley, Frederick Fisher, James Thompson, F. Lovell, and J. Black. The men all showed the effects of the tempestuous weather and intense cold to which they had been exposed. They were dressed in all kinds of clothes, and no man had on a whole suit of the same kind of cloth. Some had on overcoats and no coats, and others coats and no overcoats. Some had on shoes, and some boots; but by far the most picturesque appearing man in the group was the second mate, who had on a long oilskin watchcoat which reached to his heels, an enormous pair of fisherman's boots which came up to his waist, and a sou'wester which hid all of his face except the tip of his nose and his chin. Their clothing had been loaned to them by the crew of the fishing smack which had picked them up. Captain Colvin said that he did not wish to talk about the wreck at present, but that the ship was perfectly seaworthy and not overloaded. In all his long experience at sea he had never encountered such a storm as that of Saturday and Sunday. J. P. SCOTT, the second mate, said:

"We got the gale on Friday night, when we were about fifty miles east of Sandy Hook. The barometer began to fall about sundown on Friday and kept tumbling down until I thought it was never going to stop. The wind came from the northeast at first, but it gradually shifted around to the southwest and blew a hurricane. When the wind shifted it kicked up a cross sea which

sent tons and tons of water over our deck, and in a short time the deck and the rigging were covered with ice. The seas which broke over the side tore the tarpaulins off and burst in the hatches, and after that every sea that came over the rail went down into the hold. After a while the ship was found to be leaking, and although we did everything possible we could not keep her clear. The water gained rapidly, and by Sunday morning the port side was under water. I went on the bridge at midnight Sunday and did not leave it until we left the ship on Monday morning. When the fires went out we decided to leave the ship. We lowered the two starboard boats,—that side was to leeward,—got into them and shoved off. Before we left the ship I threw a half a bag of biscuit and a couple of tins of meat into the boat. One tin of meat we afterward gave to the mate. The biscuit was spoiled by the water, and all we had to eat until we were picked up was that can of meat.

"The mate's boat was much lighter than ours to row and she soon left us. We followed her in toward the land, but after a short time we broke all of our oars but two and soon lost sight of her. The sea was dashing over the boat, and we had to keep bailing to keep her afloat. The water froze on our clothes and hair, and after a few hours most of us were coated with ice from head to foot. The boatswain and myself steered the boat. After we broke our oars we drifted with the wind, and only used the oars to keep the boat's head up to the wind.

"About half past 8 the boatswain, who was on lookout forward, sighted a light. We didn't know at first whether it was a lighthouse or a ship, but after a time as we drifted down to it we saw that it was a small schooner, the *Woolsey*, lying at anchor. We shouted as loud as we could, and as we came alongside the boatswain tried to catch a turn with the painter around the schooner's cable. He did not succeed, and the men on the vessel threw us a line which we caught and made fast in the boat. They pulled us alongside and took us on board. Some of the men had to be lifted out of the boat to the schooner, as they were so thoroughly chilled that they could not move. The people on the *Woolsey* treated us with the greatest kindness. They stripped our wet clothes from us and dressed us in their own, and some of them even took their coats off of their backs for us. I have been going to sea since I was a boy, but I never saw such a storm before.



"We have had nothing, but ill luck since we started from Liverpool nearly eight months ago," said the boatswain. "We sailed from Liverpool about the middle of last May, and since then have visited the following ports: Messina, Smyrna, Malta, Palermo, Licata, Mareilles, Tarragona, St. Vincent, Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, Santos and Rio de Janeiro. While we were cruising between the Mediterranean ports we had the cholera on board and several of the crew died. A few days after we left St. Vincent we ran into a heavy gale and had to jettison £40,000, worth of wine and other cargo to save the ship. When we struck the South American coast some of the men had the yellow fever, and one died of it, and now this gale comes along and finishes up the whole business. It's the worst trip I ever made. I saw the ship born and I saw her die. I was in her on her first trip and her last. It was a magnificent sight when she went down, but I felt as though I was losing a brother. The worst was after we left the ship. The second mate had his clothes frozen down to the thwart on which he sat. He steered the boat most of the time. I am all right now, but the second mate had his left foot frozen."

Most of the men have their ears and fingers frostbitten, and one of them. John Reese, was so badly used up by the exposure to which he has been subjected for the last few days that he was sent to the Marine Hospital on Staten Island. The men, after giving their names and receiving an order for such clothes as they needed, were sent to the SAILORS' HOME in Cherry st.

A subscription was started yesterday for the shipwrecked crew. About \$300 was raised. The money will be presented to Captain COLVIN by the President of the Maritime Exchange, at noon, to-day.

### On the Beach.

HOW THE FORLORN AND SHIPWRECKED ARE CARED FOR IN BOSTON.

A closely-built man, with hair slightly grey and a closely-clipped, frosty mustache, stood with his back to the stove yesterday afternoon in the Hanover Street Chapel of the BOSTON SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. He seemed ill at ease, but chatted in broken English with one or two others, evidently sailors, who stood near, as he rubbed his hands together behind

his back, nervously, as though cold, albeit the clear New Year's day was far more like a day in early spring than one in midwinter. The chaplain in charge of the mission a few minutes later emerged from his room, and, seeing in the man a new comer, at once accosted him.

"Well, my friend," said Mr. NICKERSON, "how is it with you? Have you shipped?"

"No, sir," said the man in his broken accents. "My bag, it left at boarding-house. They no take me. Got no money."

"Where did you come from?" asked the chaplain.

"I ship at Philadelphia for Boston. I owe boarding-house four, five dollar. The captain pay him and I have no money when I get here. Leave my bag at Eagle, North street."

"Have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"A baker he give me loaf bread this morning. I have nothing yesterday."

"And you have had nothing to eat since you ate the bread?"

"No, nothing."

"Then you are on the beach?"

"Yes," said the sailor, laughing, "on the beach."

"How long have you followed the sea?" asked the chaplain.

"Thirty year."

"Well, my man," said Mr. Nickerson, "we won't let you starve, and we won't let you sleep in the street. Only you must let whiskey alone."

"None of that, sir," said the sailor as he thanked the chaplain, a tear meanwhile glistening in one eye.

"Do you have many such callers as that?" asked a *Post* reporter, as the man left the room, in response to the chaplain's instructions to go at once for his bag and bring it to the chapel.

"More than ever before, this winter," was the reply. I have just sent in my bill to the management for aid extended to destitute seamen during the month of December. It was about \$130 against about \$40 or \$50 expended in the corresponding month last year. This has, thus far, been an unusually hard winter for seamen, although the weather has been so mild on shore. There have been an unusual number of wrecks along shore from Hatteras to Cape Ann. Then freights have been poor and a large number of vessels are hauled up in this port for the winter. They come in here with cargoes, discharge them, discharge the crews and tie up until spring. This

throws a large number of men out of employment, and many of them have no means of living. Some of them belong at a distance, at Newburyport, Gloucester and other places and want to go home. In such cases we pay their fares and send them there, if we are convinced that they are really destitute. My assistant and myself are old sailors, and it is difficult for a man to deceive us. Occasionally tramps call on us for assistance, but we can always detect them, and give them nothing."

"Do you assist them to ship?"

"Yes, we aid them in that way. Very often shipping agents and masters of vessels call upon us when they are in need of men. If men are hungry we feed them, and if they are without a place to sleep we help them to lodgings. We never give them money. We have a system of checks on a boarding and lodging house at the North End, and we furnish these to the men in need. They can't procure liquor with these checks, and we

never give one to a man who is intoxicated. We have an arrangement with the keeper of the house, so that if a man gets drunk after he leaves us and before he reaches the house, he gets no lodging. The men understand this, and we are seldom imposed upon. We don't expect the men who come here to be angels. If they were there would be no need of this mission."

"Shipwrecked sailors are, of course, more destitute than others," was suggested.

"Of course. Many of them escape with only the clothing they have on, and they are sadly in need. We furnish such men what they actually require. But if the public knew how greatly we want cast-off clothing for these men, I think it would be provided. Any heavy garments for men, not too fine in texture, nor too badly worn, would be very useful, and contributions of such would aid us greatly in our work.—*Boston Post*."

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

### At Stations on the Foreign Field.

#### Norway.

CHRISTIANIA.

In September, October and November, 1885, Mr. O. M. LEVORSEN, sailor-missionary, boarded 156 Norwegian, 55 Swedish, 16 Danish, 14 English and 5 German ships, and when it was possible held prayer meetings and religious discourse with the crews. He also visited 12 passenger steamships, with emigrants, and on these put forth religious labor,—as well as 69 sick sailors and their families. Three of the last named departed this life in peace, "with a firm belief in the mercy of our Lord Jesus as their Redeemer."

At Horten, the Norwegian Naval and Marine Station, forty miles from Christiania, he held religious services in the M. E. Chapel for several hundred seamen and their families, and also held prayer-meetings for children at the same place. Open air meetings were attended, beyond his expectation, by sailors and by those employed in discharging the ships. He

gives some account of his visit to "Vaterland," an evil quarter of the town, and a resort for dissolute sailors, with record of some instances where his efforts to turn wild young seamen from the error of their ways were, apparently, productive of good. But he feels, sorely, the need of a suitable room near the vessels where they "could be kept away from the liquor shops, and where our meetings could be held."

#### Belgium.

ANTWERP.

"I am pleased to say," writes Rev. JAMES HITCHENS, chaplain, "that everything in connection with our work here is going on pleasantly, and we trust profitably. Large numbers of seamen frequent our Reading Rooms, and attend the meetings held for them. Our Christmas gatherings were very joyous. Last night we gave a free tea and Christmas tree to about 100 seamen. The tree was loaded with suitable and useful articles for the sailors, the presents of the English and



American residents. The ladies gave woolen scarfs, worsted stockings, mittens, cuffs, and other things, and the gentlemen contributed liberally. To-morrow we give our annual tea to subscribers and friends, and on Thursday the Sunday School children are to be entertained, followed by a watch night service, so you see we are fully at work."

### West Indies.

ST. THOMAS.

The Society having just made an ap-

propriation for labor on behalf of seamen at this port, Rev. E. HUTTON, consular chaplain, writes that on 15th December, '85, there were 35 vessels in port,—but they are constantly coming and going. The chaplain's purpose is to procure a "church ship," if funds can be secured. "Trade," he says, "has left our port and with it the wealth of former days, but I doubt not that I will receive some aid here, and am confident that our effort will be supplemented from abroad."

### At Ports in the United States.

#### New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. C. A. BORELLA, our missionary at the SAILOR'S HOME, 190 Cherry St., writes in his last quarterly report for 1885, just furnished:—

"During the last three months, the meetings, which consist of family worship, morning and evening, temperance meeting on Monday, prayer meeting Saturday evenings, and a prayer and experience meeting every morning at half past eight o'clock in our class room up stairs, have been on the increase, and a deeper work of grace has been manifested. The seed sown has had abundant waterings from heaven. The Holy Spirit has done good work; many have become interested, and some have been brought to light, and received from the Savior pardon and peace, so that those who came to the HOME in Satan's ranks, are now loving soldiers of the cross.

#### *Conversions—Deep Water Sailor Testimony.*

"Among those who have been received, forgiven and saved by our Lord Jesus according to their own testimony, I would mention H. A., a young Norwegian, who came to the Home in the month of November in a ship from Manila, E. I. He told us that he had been under conviction for some time, and that he had been praying, but saw no light until after attending our meetings, when, as he said, 'it came all at once.' The heart that was heavy and sad, was made to rejoice and be glad; when the Comforter came. At every meeting he testified, giving thanks to God for His great goodness to him. Upon shipping for San Francisco, he left seventy-

five dollars in the Home to be sent to his poor sister in Norway.

"The next convert was W. C., a young American, who testified, 'how wonderful are God's ways! When I came to New York this time, my intention was to go to Chicago, but instead of going there I found myself in the Sailor's Home. I cannot tell how I came here, but I am glad I have come, for I have found Him who I long have been seeking, Jesus, my Savior. My parents were Christian people. Their prayers have followed me in all my wandering, but now I am saved.' Thanking the goodness of God for leading him to repentance and giving him faith in the precious blood of Jesus Christ which cleanseth from all sin, he shipped for Calcutta.

"Another young man H. P., Norwegian, through severe struggle to overcome sin, and the greater sin of unbelief, gave testimony that the Lord had forgiven him all his transgressions and blessed him with a new heart filled with peace and trust and thankfulness to God, his Savior. He shipped for Calcutta. The next who came out on the Lord's side was M. S., German, a very quiet, thoughtful young man, who a few days before leaving us testified, very much to our surprise, that the Lord had converted his soul and made a new and better man of him since he came to the Home. Giving thanks to Almighty God for his protecting care over him, and for blessing him with forgiveness for sin and eternal life, he begged us and all Christian people to pray for him, and shipped for Europe.

"Another was A. E., Norwegian. The willingness of this young man to attend our meetings at all times was rewarded with better things than earth can bestow. For the word of God which is quick and powerful and sharper than any two

edged sword, pierced his soul until he felt himself a great sinner, and found in Christ a great Savior. His testimony was simple but touching. He shipped for the West Indies.

"Another conversion was that of a young, destitute sailor boy, H. F. B., English, who was sent to the Home through the kindness of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in the beginning of the month of December. Little deeds of kindness, and kind words spoken to that poor wandering boy, were blest of God. Touched with feelings of gratitude for aid received from the Society in caring for him, and for his reception at the Home, he knelt by his bedside where in thankfulness to God for all his goodness to him, he gave his heart to Jesus. He shipped for Yokohama. From the ship before leaving for sea, Henry, in a letter to me, dated December 17th, writes:—'I have already seen the evil effect of liquor on board ship; seven men have been knocked down by the mate and badly bruised, while another came near losing his life through its evil effects. I have nailed this day where all can see it my temperance pledge, but no one mocks it. In fact they all say it is the best after all. I think that there will be work for me to do on the passage.' He gives thanks to God who has made him a member of Christ. Two other young men, one an Englishman, F. N., the other a German, W. O., have professed to be born again during their stay at the Home; they are still with us, attending all our meetings regularly.

"All of these young converts have joined the Church of Christ. On their examination for membership by the pastor and elders of the Church of Sea and Land, they were received in full confidence that they were born of the Spirit of God. Besides those here mentioned, we have every reason to believe that several others who did not testify of the power of Jesus to save, have been saved, and gone to sea as Christian men. Several seamen have returned from sea and borne testimony, giving thanks to God for redeeming love.

"Besides my labor at the Home, I have as usual in my spare time visited seamen's boarding-houses, families, hospitals, vessels in harbor, where I have conversed, prayed and distributed the word of God, and given invitations to attend upon the means of grace, all which labor with profound thankfulness to Almighty God, I can report has been accompanied with heavenly blessings.—In one of our morn-

ing meetings a few weeks ago, I counted eight different nationalities, as represented by those in attendance."

U. S. NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Chaplain CRANE reported January 1st — "The past quarter which opened with the Receiving Ship almost cleared of men closes with it filled up again, by 300 + 490, and recruiting is still going on. We have had a corresponding increase of attendance at our Sunday afternoon and Wednesday evening services on Cob Dock and some of them have been very interesting and solemn, especially toward the close of the year. Several seamen have expressed personal religious concern, and one marine has united with the Mariners' Church of the New York Port Society.—The Sunday morning service and Thursday evening service of song, at the Marine Barracks, have also improved in attendance and interest.

"Our temperance work has advanced favorably, and the monthly meetings of our Naval Temperance Union have been full and attractive, special notice of which appeared in the November MAGAZINE.—Our roll of members increased 138, bringing the whole number up to very near 1100.

"We have had two musical and eloquent entertainments aboard the *Vermont* during the past month, one volunteered to Chaplain HIBBEN, who is attached to the ship, by Miss WHITTINGHAM of Brooklyn, and some friends, on the evening of December 22nd, and another, December 29th, tendered to the officers and men of the navy by Miss HICKOX of the Bedford Conservatory of Music and Art, and a number of ladies and gentlemen associated with her. Both entertainments were admirably sustained and highly appreciated. During the quarter I have distributed 10,782 pages of tracts; 1,444 papers and magazines, and 93 copies of the Bible or Testament and Psalms, in several different languages.

"The year 1885 closes with the record of steady progress in my work and cheering promise for the future."

## South Carolina.

CHARLESTON.

At the request of Chaplain CHICHESTER President CLEVELAND has sent a large



photographic likeness of himself to be placed in the SAILOR'S HOME, among the collection of portraits of crowned heads and other dignitaries of commercial nations, accompanying it with the following letter:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION.

WASHINGTON, October 19th, 1885.

*Rev. C. E. Chichester:*—My Dear Sir: I was much interested in the brief account given in your letter of the 14th instant of the purposes and operations of the society of which you are chaplain.

The longer I live and the greater the responsibilities I assume in public places, the more readily I recognize the vast importance and value of efforts such as you are making to foster a love for virtue instead of vice, and by religious teaching to aid those bereft of many advantages to become better men and better citizens.

Pursuant to your request, I have sent you a large photograph to add to those which you already have in the headquarters of the society.

Yours sincerely,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

## Georgia.

SAVANNAH.

At the forty-third anniversary of the Port Society, January 10th, Chaplain RICHARD WEBB, after seventeen years' service, presented his resignation. During the year 1885 he made 789 visits to vessels at the wharves, distributed 17,584 pages of tracts, 708 SAILORS' MAGAZINES, 346 SEAMEN'S FRIENDS, 1,647 religious tracts, 44 Bibles and Testaments, and preached 123 sermons, besides visiting the hospital and jail. The report of Mrs. WEBB, Superintendent of the Bethel Mission Sunday School, showed that there were in attendance at the school at the close of last year, 31 boys and 29 girls, making a total membership of 60.

At the annual business meeting, the chaplain's resignation was accepted and commendatory resolutions were adopted expressing the Society's appreciation of the long and successful service that he has rendered, and also expressing its appreciation of the services of Mrs. Webb, Superintendent of the Mission school.

## Oregon.

ASTORIA.

Rev. J. McCORMAC, chaplain, reporting January 1st, says:—"We have about a dozen ships in port, and from 60 to 100 sailors in the different sailor boarding-houses all the time. So many of these men attend our services that one of them said to me last week, that he believed 'the sailors were the best Christians in town.' This must be regarded only as a sailor's estimate, and yet so far as congregations are concerned, ours will bear a very favorable comparison with some of the oldest in town. Last Sunday, for instance, we had about 45 on board the *City of Glasgow*, and such devout attention and hearty good singing as would do credit to any congregation. And we had better than numbers,—the Spirit of God was with us. There were sixteen present last evening at our prayer meeting in the young men's rooms, among them two captains, one of whom, Captain E—, addressed the meeting in such a happy vein as to comfort and cheer all our hearts. It was New Year's eve, too, when the lurid lights of the wicked one were made to shine before the eyes of the sailors with increased fascinations. In one of the boarding-houses, while I was inviting the sailors to our meeting and assuring them of what a good time we were going to have, a young man came in and handed round invitations from the other side in the shape of hand bills. I give a specimen:—

*Happy New Year.*

*Reed's Sporting House*

*To-Night,*

*A Glove Contest between Billy Owen of Portland, and Frank Andrew of San Francisco.*

*We will all shake the Dice for a Turkey for New Year's Dinner.*

"A fair bid for the poor sailor and a hard bait for him to refuse. Yet, thank God! we had a good many and a real good time.

"The Young Men's Christian Association are about to move into other quarters this week, which, I think, will be far more suitable for them and for me, than those which they at present occupy. Instead of one room the new premises

will afford ample room for a gymnasium and reading room down stairs; and a very spacious hall for divine service up stairs, besides a large shed which may be turned into a ten cent restaurant by some one who has charge of the rooms. In addition to this we will be in a far more conspicuous position, being on the corner of two very prominent streets. All these advantages, we hope, will more than compensate for our change of place. We are indeed under great obligations to the Y. M. C. A. of Astoria. May God bless them in their new home! If they are only as kind and generous to the sailors in the future as they have been in the past, they will surely hear the sentence:—"Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the last of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

### Loan Library Work.

FROM THE U. S. NAVY.

More than once we have printed words of commendation for this department of the Society's work from the pen of the writer of the following letter, dated,—

U. S. S. JUNIATA, Navy Yard,  
New York, 28th Dec., 1885.

*American Seamen's Friend Society, New York:—*

I have the pleasure of returning to you the three loan libraries, placed by the Society on board this ship in November, 1882.

Having in a previous letter (13th April, 1884) expressed to you the great pleasure and satisfaction these books have given, it only remains for me to return them to the Society with the warm thanks of the officers and crew of this ship.

I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

RICHARD RUSH.

*Lieutenant, U. S. N.*

Chaplain BEUGLESS of the U. S. S. *Brooklyn*, wrote on the same date as Lieutenant RUSH, from the Brooklyn, N. Y., Navy Yard, to the chaplain of our Society:—

Please accept my most sincere thanks, as you, and the noble Society which you so worthily represent, will have a thousand times during our cruise, the thanks of the crew for the exceptionally excellent foundation you have furnished us for a library.

The two libraries received through you from the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY are made up of very valuable books indeed, being at once entertaining, instructive and of a high order of moral excellence.

With all good wishes, fraternally and truly yours,

JOHN D. BEUGLESS,

*Chaplain, U. S. N.*

FROM BOSTON, MASS.

Our Boston Secretary transmits to you the following *memoranda* received there from vessels upon which the libraries whose numbers are given had been placed after the books have been used and returned to our Boston Rooms.

*Library No. 4,463.\*—*On the schooner *Albert*.—"This library has been a great blessing. The captain has two daughters who have been at sea with him this year. One of them has been converted, and is testifying at the church she said it was by reading the book called *The Ten Commandments*. She gave herself to the Lord one night in Portland harbor. The captain takes much pleasure reading the books and speaks very highly of them."

*Library No. 7,163.†—*"It came from the schooner *Newpacket*, and with this information:—The books have been read by more than forty persons. The captain has been converted since he took this, and he says the change has come about mainly through reading the books. He is very thankful to the Society."

*Library No. 7,497.‡—*"Taken from the bark *Carrie Heckle* of Portland, Me. The captain reports the library as a great read. The books have been of much good to all on board his vessel, for which he is very grateful."

*Library No. 8,151.§—*"From the *Ne Bedford*, Mass., bark *Mary S. Ames*. Captain CROCKER's wife has had charge of the books, and on Sunday mornings at sea and in port, they have been served out to those of the crew that could read English. For thirteen months the books have been thus used. The captain and wife are both very grateful."

\* Sent out in 1873, by L. T. Frishie, S. J. Mills and Mrs. G. C. Wilson of Windsor, Conn.

† Sent out in 1881, by Mrs. E. M. Hotchkiss, S. S. Class, North Cong. Ch., Woodbury, Conn.

‡ Sent out in 1882, Cong. Ch. and Society, Whitinsville, Mass.

§ Sent out by Rev. W. P. Alcott and wife, Boxford, Mass., in 1884.



## Holiday Festivities Aboard the U. S. Receiving Ship Vermont.

Chaplain CRANE of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, informs us of a "jolly time" enjoyed aboard the *Vermont* at the Yard, Tuesday evening of Christmas holiday week. An entertainment had been tendered through him to the officers and men of the Navy by Mrs. C. M. HICKOX, manager of the Bedford Conservatory of Music and Art, and a number of ladies and gentlemen, both professional and amateur, associated with her, which he is not slow to accept, with the approbation of Captain COOKE, commander of the ship, who offered every facility for necessary arrangements. It was given on the spar deck, which was gaily decorated with evergreens and flags, and brilliantly illuminated, and furnished with a grand concert piano. The programme, which was effectively arranged and announced by Mr. HORATIO S. ROBSON, included twenty-five performers and was very full and varied. It opened with a piano, cornet and violin overture, followed by solos and duets on these and other instruments as well as vocal, interspersed with elocutionary selections, added to which were the soft, wondrous strains of a zither quartet. But that which capped the climax of the evening was the character personations by Prof. A. F. MACHO, and his ventriloquistic feats, of humor and fun. Space will not permit a particular mention of all the excellent performances. The whole entertainment was a rich treat and elicited unbounded applause and a hearty vote of thanks from the audience of 400 or 500 officers and marines and the many visitors sent from outside the Yard. Thus innocent amusement and recreation is afforded, to relieve somewhat the dull monotony of life aboard a Naval Receiving Ship.

## Obituary.

JAMES FARRELL.

This veteran marine observer of the N. Y. Maritime Association and Western Union Telegraph Co., at Sandy Hook, N. J., died at his post, of heart disease,

at four o'clock Tuesday morning. He had occupied that station continuously for thirty-three years, and was in the active performance of his duty to within an hour of his death. In his specialty he had no equal. In April, 1857, while he was on duty at Sandy Hook, the schooner *John Frederick* came ashore, and Mr. Farrell succeeded in saving her entire crew at the hazard of his own life. For this service he received the medal of the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York City.—*N. Y. Marine Journal*.

## As To the Sailor's Magazine.

From New London Conn., Dec. 29th, 1885.

Dear Sir:—Please find enclosed \$2.00, and pardon my negligence. The SAILOR'S MAGAZINE has never seemed to me so excellent and interesting as during this last year.

With respect,

M. S. H.

## Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

DECEMBER, 1885.

Total arrivals.....	168
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$ 740
of which \$210 was sent to relatives and friends,	
\$240 was deposited in Savings Banks, and \$279	
was returned to boarders.	

## Planets for February, 1886.

MERCURY is a morning star during the forepart of this month, rising on the first at 6h. 35m., and south of east 29° 53'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 2nd at 3h. 19m., being 5° 24' south; is in conjunction with Venus at 11 o'clock on the evening of the 18th, being 11° 23' south; is in superior conjunction with the Sun at 11 o'clock on the forenoon of the 24th and during the remainder of the month becomes an evening star.

VENUS is an evening star during the forepart of this month, setting on the 1st at 7h. 29m. and south of west 4° 19'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 5th at 1h. 40m. being 6° north; is in inferior conjunction with the Sun at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th, and after this becomes a morning star.

MARS on the morning of the 1st is due south at 3h. 2m., being at this time 5° 27' north of

the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 20th at 1h. 24m., being 3° 50' north.

JUPITER on the morning of the 1st is due south at 3h. 38m., being at this time south of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 20th at 8h. 41m. being 8' south, at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 43° north and 28° south.

SATURN on the evening of the 1st is due south at 9h. 21m., being at this time 22° 40' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th at 4h. 3m., being 4° 21' north.

New York University.

R. H. B.

## Receipts for December, 1885.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Cong. church.....	\$ 4 91
Concord, South church.....	17 40
Epping, Cong. church.....	8 07
Goffstown, Cong. church.....	10 68
New Ipswich, Children's Fair.....	3 60
Pelham, Cong. church.....	23 22
Walpole, Cong. church.....	13 00

### VERMONT.

Burlington, 1st Cong. church.....	47 80
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### MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury, Cong. church.....	13 00
Amherst, 1st Cong church.....	25 00
Attleboro, 2nd Cong. church, of wh. \$20 for lib'y.....	77 69
Boston, Schr. Gertrude, Capt. Cham- pion.....	2 00
Schr. E. H. Edwards, Capt. Dott- ridge.....	1 00
Brockton, 1st Cong church.....	35 00
Chelsea, 1st church, a friend.....	2 00
Clinton, C. S. Swan.....	25 00
East Taunton, Cong. church.....	6 73
Fitchburg Rev and Mrs. John Wood to const. David Lowe of Fitch- burg a L. M.....	30 00
Heath, Eunice Hager.....	2 00
Lowell, George F. Willey.....	5 00
Lynn, 1st Cong. church.....	14 53
Marion, Cong. church and Soc'y.....	7 52
New Bedford, Trinitarian church....	30 77
Newton, Village church.....	5 78
North Brookfield, 1st Cong. church....	10 00
Northfield, Mrs. A. M. D. Alexander, for annual Christmas gift library	20 00
North Leominster, Cong. church.....	5 00
Pittsfield, 1st Cong. church.....	31 04
South Cong S. S.....	10 00
Sangers, Cong. church.....	5 43
Shelburne Falls, Cong. ch., for lib'y....	20 00
South Hadley Falls, Cong. church and S. S., of wh. \$20 for lib'y.....	27 06
West Medway, Cong. church.....	3 64
Winchendon, 1st Parish church.....	22 88
Woburn, Miss Mary Flint.....	1 00
Worcester, Plymouth church.....	6 00

### RHODE ISLAND.

Pawtucket, Central Falls Cong. ch....	40 07
Providence, Pilgrim church.....	4 00

### CONNECTICUT.

Birmingham, Cong. church.....	55 35
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ridgeport, Miss Ellen L. Boardman for library in her name.....	20
Clinton, Joseph E. Stannard.....	2
Mrs. Maria Griffing.....	1
Greeneville, Cong. church.....	23
Greenwich, A. Friend, for a memorial library of a brother, of Fairfield, Conn., who died at sea many years ago.....	23
Hartford, Wm. Huntington.....	1
Kensington, Cong. church.....	5
Mansfield, 1st Cong. church S. S.....	10
New Britain, Primary class of the South church S. S., for library....	20
Newington, Cong. church.....	6
Norwalk, Miss Lucy M. Morrill.....	1
Norwich, Park Cong. ch. and Soc'y....	72
Broadway Cong. church.....	10
Redding, Rev. W. J. Jennings.....	5
Rockville, 2nd Cong. church.....	25
Thomaston, Cong. church.....	11
Westbrook, Legacy of Elisha Chap- man deceased, late of Westbrook, Conn., per Henry Hart, adm'r....	2,000
West Hartford, Cong. church.....	89

### NEW YORK.

Bayshore, Cong. church.....	6
Brooklyn, The Boys' Life Boat Socie- ty of the 1st Pres. church, and the Sailor's Friend Club, \$20 each, for libraries.....	40
Cortland, Pres. church.....	18
New York City, Legacies of Sarah Burr, deceased, late of New York City, per John H. Riker and Sam- uel Riker, ex'rs.....	23,150
Mrs G. B. Grinnell, for libraries....	100
Frederick Sturges.....	50
Delmonico's.....	10
Mrs. M. L. Sheafe.....	10
C. S. H.....	5
Wm. G. Hackstaff.....	4
W. Abbott.....	1
New Granville, A. A. Carr.....	1
Rochester, Mrs. Lydia Ann Graves, for library work.....	5
Tarrytown, Edward B. Cobb.....	25

### NEW JERSEY.

East Orange, Elmwood Chapel S. S., for library.....	20
Jersey City, Lafayette Ref. church....	10
Newark, 2nd Pres. church.....	7
Orange, 2nd Pres. church, of wh. Mrs. R. C. Baldwin \$20 for library.....	80
Princeton, Estate of Mary Halliday, late of Princeton, N. J., balance of legacy, per Daniel J. Holden, ex'r.....	1,122

### KANSAS.

Anthony, Rev. J. C. Halliday.....	6
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### INDIANA.

Rockville, Margaret Digby Rice, for library to be called the "John Digby Loan Library,".....	20
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### ILLINOIS.

Sublette, Mrs. Amy Donnis.....	1
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### MICHIGAN.

Lansing, Plymouth church.....	1
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### MINNESOTA

Northfield, Conrad Stegner.....	5
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\$27,701

Sailors' Scrap Book from Connecticut friend  
Rev. E. P. Thwing, Brooklyn, N. Y., and  
package of papers and leaflets.



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

## Between Two Moving Mountains—A Story of the Polar Ocean.

BY DAVID KER.

What a fine place the polar seas are for summer holiday! You have "the sole day before you," indeed,—a day eight weeks long, without a single hour of darkness; and there is always plenty of light for you to look at up there. Sometimes you will see ships and mountains high in the air, all upside down. Sometimes the sun, as if not content with shining day and night, will turn itself into four or five suns at once, and make a blaze all across the sky, or else the "Northern Lights" will shoot up suddenly over the horizon at sea.

But there was little thought of holidays or pleasure of any kind among the crew of the little steam-yacht that came gliding southward across the arctic circle one morning in the end of July on her way home to Europe from a cruise in the far seas. Every man on board looked weary enough, and well he might. They were now in the very worst place of all, between Iceland and the terrible east coast of Greenland, which is blocked with great masses of floating ice all the year round. Worse still, a furious gale from the north-west had driven them far out of their

course, so that instead of keeping close to the coast of Iceland till they reached the port of Reykjavik (where they meant to touch on their way home), they were now pretty close to the dangerous Greenland shore. And as if all this were not enough, just when it might be a matter of life and death to keep a sharp lookout all around on came a fog so thick that they could hardly see to the end of the bowsprit.

But if they could not see, they could hear, and from the heart of the fog came to their ears a strange and terrible sound, a dull, harsh noise that grew louder every moment, and seemed like the growling of wild beasts mingled with the grating of rusty iron.

"Bad job for us this, my lord," said Captain Derrick to the owner of the yacht, the young Earl of Lakehurst, who was standing beside him, looking keenly into the fog. "If that's not 'pack ice,' and enough of it to smash our timbers like a biscuit, my name ain't Tom Derrick; and it sounds as if it were coming up on all sides at once."

"Too bad to be caught like this just



at the last, after having such fine weather all through," answered Lord Lakehurst. "I should say, Captain, that nobody's had such a cruise in these seas as we've been having since Lord Dufferin was up here in 1856."

"Ah, that's just the way with these blessed Northern seas," growled the old sailor; "they look very nice just at first, but they're bound to play you some ugly trick before they've done. If this fog would only lift a bit!"

The Captain soon had his wish, for a few minutes later the fog rose like a great curtain, revealing a sight that made the holdest man on board look grave.

All around the doomed vessel great hills of broken ice were plunging, leaping, and piling themselves one over another, mass upon mass, with a crackling, grinding, and roaring louder than the din of a battle. Some of these terrible mounds were already higher than the mast-heads of the yacht, and as the sea jammed and sawed them against each other, even the stout seamen held their breath as they heard the horrid grinding crash with which great blocks of ice were crushed to powder by that deadly pressure which could have cracked like a nut the oaken timbers of a hundred-gun ship.

In the fatal circle that was closing round them so fast, *one* gap could still be seen away to the southwest, and thither the yacht's head was instantly turned. But what were those two vast, dim, pale blue shadows which were gliding swiftly forward from opposite sides in that very direction? They were *icebergs*, drifting up to block the only avenue of escape that was left.

The Captain bit his lips till they bled, and stood for a moment silent and motionless. Then he turned and shouted, "Put a full head of steam on her, and run through between 'em; it's our only chance."

On came the great cathedrals of ice, huge, silent, merciless. The yacht tore through the water like a mad creature

in her race with death; but every moment the space on which the lives of her crew depended grew narrower and narrower. Lord Lakehurst, turning to look at the Captain, saw the old seaman's face *hard* suddenly like frozen clay. The crashing mountains of pack ice had closed behind them, and even the chance of retreat was now cut off.

"Do you think we'll get through?" asked the Earl.

"We'll *try*," said the Captain, grimly. "But if we don't I'm glad we sha'n't live to see the bonnie little barkie smash Starboard half a point!"

"Starboard it is," answered the man at the wheel.

And now the flying yacht darted right into the ever narrowing passage between the two great ice islands that were rushing to destroy her, and the last stage of the terrible race began. How long it lasted none of the crew could ever have told. Dimly as in a dream they saw mighty towers of ice closing in from either side, high overhead, with the water dripping from their glittering ledges and the sea foaming around the cold great caverns that yawned in their sides everywhere and there. And still they came nearer and nearer, while the mighty shadows seemed to close around the doomed vessel like the deepening darkness of the grave.

"Port your helm!" roared Captain Derrick to the man at the wheel.

"Port it is."

Crash! The pursuing ice mountains dashed against each other with a noise which the loudest thunder-clap would have been as nothing. But the stroke came just too late, although the huge waves stirred up by that terrible shock flung the yacht to and fro like a toy, and knocked every man on board off his feet. The peril was past, and the Captain's deep "Thank God!" was echoed by many a rough voice as the brave little craft glided safely away into the open sea.

*Harper's Young People.*

## Loan Library Reports.

the whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1885, was 8,249; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,859; the total shipments aggregating 17,108. The number of volumes in these libraries was 441,434, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 315,987 men. Nine hundred and fifty-one libraries, with 34,236 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 108,450 men.—One hundred and twelve libraries were placed in one hundred and twelve Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 4,032 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and ninety-six Keepers and surfmen.

During December, 1885, fifty loan libraries, seventeen new and thirty-three re-ipped were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,344-8,352, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 8,435, 8,437-440, with Nos. 8,442, 8,443 and 8,444, at Boston.

*The thirty-three libraries reshipped were:—*

3,611; No. 5,471; No. 6,473; No. 6,372; No. 7,171; No. 7,430; No. 7,865; No. 8,098; No. 8,181.  
 4,811; " 5,811; " 6,613; " 6,954; " 7,211; " 7,581; " 7,867; " 8,155;  
 5,417; " 6,007; " 6,702; " 7,121; " 7,276; " 7,724; " 8,043; " 8,162;  
 5,472; " 6,434; " 6,737; " 7,133; " 7,347; " 7,745; " 8,097; " 8,168;

### Oliver, the Lame Boy.

Our superintendent told us he had been invited to open a Sabbath-school at the Factory Village, and if two more would with him he would go. The school was opened, and forty attended. Among the scholars was Oliver. He had no use of his legs; he walked upon his hands and knees, and always sat upon the floor. His sister said she wanted to come, *but he could not learn anything*. He was very quiet and usually stationed himself near my class. I often thought I would speak to him, more often in the, "How do you do," which I always gave him, but my class was large and the hour was fully occupied. One day as I took my seat, Oliver hobbled up to me and said, "Oh, tell me about Jesus, tell me about Jesus." My class had no lesson that day and, with big tears rolling over his cheeks and over mine, I told him I could about the dear Christ.

A few days after that Oliver was taken sick. He was not disposed to talk much, but he kept saying over and over, "He died for me; she said so. He loves me." And these were his last words, "He died

for me; she said so. He loves me, He died for me."

Oliver was sick only a few days, and I had no opportunity to see him, but the dear Lord was evidently doing His own work in that simple mind, and Himself teaching him the great lesson, "He died for me, He loves me."—*H. D. N., in Congregationalist.*

### A Knowing Dog.

The following story of the way in which a dog outwitted his master appeared first in a Scottish journal, and several persons bore witness to the truth of the narrative:—

A gentleman in Glasgow owned a very intelligent Newfoundland dog. He accompanied his master wherever he went, and was his inseparable companion in his visits to church. One evening the gentleman went out to visit a neighbor. The dog attended him. It was quite late when the gentleman started for home, and to his surprise his dog could not be found. After the family had retired to bed there was a great noise in the kitchen. It was sup-

posed that burglars were robbing the house. Soon there was a crash and a smash like the breaking in a window, and then all was still. The morning revealed the mystery. The dog had fallen asleep under the table. He was sensible that his master had gone home, and the noise heard was the attempt of the dog to make his escape. As there was no other way to get out the sagacious animal went through the window, taking the glass and frame with him.

It was a long time before his master visited that house again. When he did his dog accompanied him, and the animal found his way through the open door of the kitchen to his old hiding place under the table. It was late when the master started for home. But neither his hat nor cane could be found. After a long search the dog was discovered fast asleep under the table; one paw was in his master's hat, the other resting on his master's cane. How he obtained possession of these articles no one could tell. He remembered his last visit to the place, and how scurvily he was treated. The sagacious creature resolved not to be left behind the next time. He knew that his master could not go home without his hat and cane, and that he would be quite likely to be awakened when his owner got ready to walk. His plans were acutely laid, and if he had possessed reason he could not have done better.

### Smiles When She Speaks.

The power of unconscious influence was illustrated recently by a little incident that occurred in Eastern Massachusetts.

A lady called at the house of a neighbor on an errand; but as the family were away, she asked the hired man to tell his employer that she would call again. Being in a hurry, and not thinking but that the man knew who she was, she did not leave her name. The lady of the house returned before the rest of the family, and

the man told her that a lady had been there who said she'd call again.

'Who was it?' inquired Mrs. H—

'O, I don't know her name,' replied the man.

'But you should have asked her,' said Mrs. H—, 'so we should know who had been here. Can't you tell me anything by which I can tell who came? Where does she live?'

'I don't know,' said the man, 'but she's the one that always smiles when she speaks.'

The pleasant look and the courteous manner in which this lady had spoken, the servant had been noticed and remembered, leaving a sunbeam in that man's heart.

Let us each remember that religion is recommended by the way in which we treat even the servants. The command 'Be courteous,' reaches to all with whom we have to do.—*Congregationalist*.

### American Seamen's Friend Society

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

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REV. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary*,

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*District Secretary* :—

REV. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

THE LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are English. The library is numbered, labeled, and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipt registered, and then assigned to the donor, the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School will send a Library to sea in the name of a donor.*



# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828. INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum high in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

It will also, upon application, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, gratuitously, should give annual notices of their desire for its continuance.

## Form of a Bequest.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

## Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

Location.	Established by	Keepers.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 422 South Front St.	Penn. " " "	Capt. R. S. Lippincott.
WILMINGTON, N. C. Front & Dock Sts.	Wilm. " " "	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
HARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society....	Mrs. S. C. Clarke.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Frnd Soc'y.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	Daniel Swannack.
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " "	
NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored) .....	do. ....	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners' House ..	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St ...	Seamen's Aid Society.....	Mrs. Wingate and Son.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court .....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....		Miss Ellen Brown.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	Portland Sea. Frnd Soc'y.	

## Mariners' Churches.

Location.	Sustained by	Ministers.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison..	New York Port Society....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Robert J. Walker.
No. 365 West Street, N. R.....	" " " "	" T. A. Hyland.
Open Air Service, Coenties Slip..	" " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
26 State Street.....	Am. Ev. Luth. Im. Miss. So.	Mr. Lilja, Miss y.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets..	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	Rev. E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard...	Am. Sea. Friend Society....	" E. N. Crane.
Van Brunt, near President St....	" " " "	" E. O. Bates.
BOSTON, North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	(Supplied.)
Cor. Hanover and Fleet Streets..	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" H. A. Cooke.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	" J. P. Pierce.
Bethel, 175 Hanover St.....	Boston Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" S. S. Nickerson.
East Boston Bethel.....	Methodist .....	" L. B. Bates.
PORTLAND, ME., Fort St., n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Frnd Soc'y..	" F. Southworth.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St...	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" J. W. Thomas.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society.	" J. D. Butler.
PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts..	Presbyterian.....	" H. F. Lee.
N. W. cor. Front and Queen Sts..	Episcopal.....	" J. J. Sleeper.
Front Street, above Navy Yard...	Baptist.....	
	Methodist.....	
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.		" H. A. Cleveland.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts....	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" E. N. Harris.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	Baltimore S. B.....	" Chas. McElfresh.
	American & Norfolk Sea. {	" R. R. Murphy.
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HARLESTON, Church, n. Water St....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	" C. E. Chichester.
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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	" J. Rowell.
	Chaplain Sailors' Home....	" E. A. Ludwick.



# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1823—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

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HORACE GRAY, Esq., HENRY A. HURLBUT, Esq., *Vice-Presidents.*

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## OBJECTS AND METHODS OF THE SOCIETY.

- 1.—To improve the condition of seamen in every possible respect, and to save their souls.
- 2.—To sanctify commerce, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

1.—The preaching of the Gospel by missionaries and chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, the HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, CHILI, S. A., the MADEIRA ISLES, GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, and upon the LABRADOR COAST, N. A.,—and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to boatmen upon our inland waters, chaplains visit the sick and dying, and endeavor to supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* and *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and missionaries for distribution among seamen and others.—The Society also publishes the *LIFE BOAT*, for the use of Sabbath-Schools.

3.—The provision of *LOAN LIBRARIES*, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated, as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, up to April 1st, 1885, is 8,249. Calculating 8,859 reshipments, their 441,434 volumes have been accessible to more than 315,987 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-Schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. Thousands of American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of *SAILORS' HOMES*, *READING ROOMS*, *SAVINGS' BANKS*, the distribution of *BIBLES*, *TRACTS*, &c. The *SAILORS' HOME*, 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, reconstructed, refurnished, and reopened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any *SAILORS' HOME* in the world. It has accommodated 100,000 boarders, and has saved to seamen and their relatives, more than \$1,500,000. Its moral and religious influence cannot be fully estimated, but very many seamen, have there been led to Christ. Shipwrecked sailors are constantly provided for at the *HOME*. A missionary of the Society is in attendance, and religious and Temperance meetings are held daily.